

Fair Trade

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/3932920) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/3932920>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Transformers - All Media Types , The Transformers (IDW Generation One)
Relationship:	Megatron/Optimus Prime
Character:	Optimus Prime , Megatron (Transformers)
Additional Tags:	Sticky Sexual Interfacing , BDSM , Watersports , Urophagia , Dirty Talk , pain play , Whipping , Electrocution , Blood , Consensual , Oral Sex , Fingering , Unconventional Use of Variable Voltage Harness , Established Relationship , Plot? What Plot? , Fluff , Bondage
Stats:	Published: 2015-05-13 Completed: 2015-05-14 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 4966

Fair Trade

by [spaceliquid](#)

Summary

Both Optimus and Megatron have some kinks they didn't dare to voice ever before, but now that the war is long over and their relationship seems stable at last, they decide to help each other by bringing those fantasies to life.

PWP two-shot, set in some indistinct future of IDW continuity.

1. Optimus & Watersports
2. Megatron & Pain Play

Optimus - Watersports

Chapter Notes

Warning: this chapter contains watersports. Urophagia. Piss play. Well, not literally, since they're robots, but still. If it's not your thing, you might not want to read it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was astounding, really, that the person whom Optimus could finally tell about his dirtiest fantasies was once his greatest enemy. But to be fair, they brought each other to the brink of death too many times; it created some intimacy between them that couldn't be achieved by conventional means... or understood by conventional means, for that matter.

So here they were, discussing how they would realize each other's secret kinks neither dared to bring up ever before. They let fate decide whose turn would be first, and Megatron drew the shirt stick.

"Alright, so I get to pleasure you, and then we switch places." Megatron didn't seem disappointed by the result. "Although I suggest we put at least one solar cycle in between the sessions."

"Agreed." Something in Optimus's stomach fluttered in excitement at the thought that his hopeless fantasy would finally be brought to life, but the more it dawned on him, the more nervous he became. "Um, are you sure you're fine with it? I wouldn't want to force you into anything, regardless of the exchange."

"Calm down," Megatron flashed him a toothy smile. "I'm perfectly willing to do this for you."

"You don't think it's... gross?"

"I was the leader of the Decepticons. We redefined gross."

Nervousness was slowly dissolving, leaving nothing but flaming desire behind. Optimus licked his lips under his mask; in any other situation he'd comment on Megatron's dry remark about his faction, but right now his mind was focused on other things.

Delicious, forbidden things.

"Anything else you want?" Megatron was still smiling, openly, invitingly. "It's your chance, Optimus. Afterwards it'll be my turn."

The Prime blinked, trying to concentrate. Anything else he wanted... What *did* he want?

"I don't know," he shrugged at last. "Just, um... Be nice, I guess? Praise me, tell me I did a good job... Stuff like that."

"Understood." Megatron nodded. "Prepare yourself, Prime! Tomorrow evening, my quarters," he winked, "you'll get your dream come true."

Optimus couldn't stop licking his lips compulsively as he stood in the middle of Megatron's

berthroom, mask retracted and hands clasped modestly. His blue optics glowed brighter than usual, EM field pulsing with anticipation, but he managed to stay still, his glossa being the only body part he couldn't keep under control. Megatron didn't complain; Optimus's eagerness was one of the hottest things he had ever witnessed.

The warlord circled his prey, allowing his field to lick against the Prime's own, but abstaining from any touch. Then he began to speak.

"You worked so hard," Megatron said softly, never ceasing his pacing. "You work tirelessly every day, giving your all and asking for nothing back. The great Prime. The icon. Infallible idol who can do anything and knows everything. It's so exhausting to support this image, isn't it?"

Optimus let out a guttural groan, but didn't move. He had always been a fighter, Megatron thought fondly. Not infallible, perhaps, but relentless and stubborn.

How Megatron loved it!

"But your subjects, they don't know about your anguish, nor do they care. Never rewarding you for your labors, never acknowledging that you're a common Cybertronian like them." Megatron ran a finger up the length of Optimus's antenna, causing a twitch. "But you deserve a break." He stopped in front of Optimus, grabbed his helm firmly and looked into those blue optics, drinking in the yearning in them. "And you're taking a break from Primacy *right now*. On your knees, Optimus."

The Autobot's entire frame trembled, and with a loud clang he fell on his knees, EM field expanding in relief. When Optimus played the submissive role, sometimes he liked to fight for control and make it a challenge for Megatron to subdue him – but then there were nights like this, when Optimus gave in without fight, elated and almost euphoric. It filled Megatron with tenderness he didn't fully admit, but his desire to satisfy every single one of his partner's wishes became all-consuming.

"That's it," Megatron stroke the long blue finial, and Optimus leaned into the touch, watching him from below with fervent optics. "You won't be commanding anyone tonight, and there will be no *greatness* about you. Do you want it?"

"Yesss," Optimus exhaled and attacked Megatron's spike the moment his interface panel clicked open. The warlord only chuckled, proceeding to fondle Optimus's antenna; he had to concede that he liked it much better when Prime's energy was aimed at sucking his spike rather than blasting him into scrap.

Although that was kinda hot too.

Optimus concentrated on his task, forgetting about everything else for the moment, not embarrassed by loud slurping sounds in the slightest. His hands rested on Megatron's hips as he worked that spike, taking it deep and then laving it with his glossa, lapping up the string of oral lubricant. And throughout all of this he never closed his optics, glancing up at Megatron with mischief. Optimus knew he was good at it. When he swallowed around the spike, resolved to take the length deeper, it slid into his intake with familiar ease.

Megatron chuckled at that.

"That's it, Optimus," he purred, petting his lover's helm. "That's the perfect use for a Prime's mouth."

Optimus just hummed, making Megatron gasp when that throat *vibrated* around his spike. No matter how often they did this, Optimus's... oral skills, so to speak, never ceased to amaze him. He

might've enjoyed meeting the Prime in battle, but he definitely preferred this sort of oral skills to Optimus's endless speeches.

It was no surprise that Megatron didn't last long, but he didn't plan on holding back; he had other ideas for the evening. Grabbing both of Optimus's antennas, he threw his head back and overloaded, low guttural growl escaping his throat. When he looked back down, Optimus tried to smile at him, one cheek puffed out by the spike and a dribble of transfluid trickling from the opposite corner of his lips.

Megatron let him go, allowing his spike to slide out of the Prime's mouth. Optimus wheezed, scooping the stray drops of transfluid with his fingers and licking them clean. His EM field thrummed with unreleased charge, and his frame practically emanated enthusiasm.

"That was such a good job," Megatron approved. "I believe a reward is in order."

He heard Prime's vents hitch and his cooling fans pick up speed. Sudden rush of jealousy caught Megatron unawares; they were alone, and yet for some reason faces of the Autobots and neutrals rolled before his sight – all those who demanded Optimus's attention, all those who stole him from Megatron and failed to compensate for it.

"They don't know how to reward you properly," he muttered, brushing Optimus's cheek with his thumb, surprising himself with the amount of venom that went into the word 'they', "but I do... Now I do."

Prime shivered. Something new appeared in his optics, some expression Megatron didn't recognise. Blue fingers pawed at his hips, their small flexing motions semi-conscious. Moist lips parted, and a glossa flicked over them for the twentieth time tonight.

Megatron wasn't going to deny him. He activated the oil disposal system, and a small aperture between his spike and valve opened.

"Don't miss a drop, I don't want a mess on my berthroom's floor," Megatron warned. Optimus's cooling fans roared with arousal, and he pressed his lips to the hole. Megatron scanned his EM field to check for the last time if Prime was alright, and then let the used oil flow.

Optimus *moaned*, the long, deep sound reverberating in his chest, and Megatron's knees nearly gave out. The Prime's field was raging with pure delight as he drank the oil; his cheeks were flushed in humiliation he had never known before but desired all the same, half-shut optics flickered, and when Megatron lowered his hand to touch Optimus's neck, he felt the throat cables move under his palm with every swallow, each a proof of Optimus's dedication and utter abasement. The Prime of Cybertron was gulping down waste oil like it was the most precious liquid, his EM field pulsing with gratitude.

Megatron couldn't help himself. He squeezed Optimus's throat tighter and pushed him away – just to be able to see the thick dark fluid fill the Prime's mouth. Optimus whined, but hurried to angle his head, so that he still caught every drop, and did his best to swallow without closing his lips. It wasn't very elegant, but the sheer desperation made Megatron's engine rev; his grip loosened, and Optimus greedily latched onto his oil valve again.

Megatron reeled; it was too much. The flow ceased, and before Optimus could express his displeasure properly Megatron had him pinned to the floor, fingers buried into the Prime's dripping valve. He was so riled up and swollen that it took only a couple of rough thrusts to push Optimus over the edge. He cried out, arching his back and nearly throwing Megatron off, ever powerful and gorgeous in his climax; a gush of lubricant trickled down Megatron's fingers, and the warlord's lips

curved in a crooked smile. There will be a mess on his floor after all.

Optimus was still coming back from his overload high, so Megatron picked him up and headed to the washracks. He quite enjoyed manhandling Optimus and carrying him around, but rarely got the chance, because Optimus didn't share his sentiments. He called Megatron a boastful show-off and fought off his attempts, which usually ended in tussles and Ratchet spewing curses at them when the medic tended to their (minor, at least most of the times) injuries.

Now, however, Optimus came to his senses only in the washrack, and Megatron put him down to avoid another quarrel. But, apparently, he overestimated Optimus's capabilities, because the Prime immediately sank down on the floor and blinked as the streams of solvent poured on his armor. He didn't protest when Megatron began to clean him. Optimus might've had an aversion for being carried, but he certainly liked to be washed, polished and waxed; so he sat with his helm pressed to Megatron's hip while the warlord wiped transfluid and lubricants off his plating.

He didn't expect it when Optimus lifted his head, EM field lighting up with intent.

"Megatron." He nuzzled the warlord's exposed interface array, lips brushing against the closed oil valve. "Please... Some more?"

There was that unfamiliar expression again, but now Optimus appeared relaxed, serene even. Megatron thought he resembled a drunken mech, although he had had no high grade; quite opposite, in fact.

"Please. I want all of you." Optimus kissed his inner thigh, vents fast and shallow. "I need it!"

And there *was* need in his gaze – need to be possessed, to be filled and marked, to accept everything Megatron could give him.

Who was Megatron to say no to such a plea? With a rumble of his engine he turned off the shower and opened the oil pan again.

This time Optimus didn't drink it all; instead he sat back on his heels, optics feverish, and let the viscous fluid fall on his face, drum against the glass of his windshield, dribble down his plating. Sometimes he caught the stream with his mouth, sometimes allowed it to flow over him freely, smearing the oil with his hand.

His other hand was busy rubbing his exterior node. At some moment Optimus rested his back against the washrack's wall, spreading his legs widely, and parted the valve's lips with his fingers, opening it for Megatron to see. Now the rivulets of oil were running down his valve, and Optimus was moaning and writhing on the wet floor, his cries a litany of broken syllables that were supposed to make Megatron's name.

"Yes..! Primus, yes, M-me... Mega-aah! ...tron, please, ah, don't stop, I want... Please!"

And then he was overloading again, calipers clenching around his fingers, frame filthy and valve drenched with oil and lubricants. Megatron could only watch, spellbound, how violent spasms shook Optimus's body; his vocalizer sizzled and glitched, turning words into static, until finally he fell on the floor, the roar of the cooling fans remaining the only sound.

Megatron kneeled next to Optimus's prone form, waiting for Prime's processor to finish the reboot. The warlord was glad it ended, because his oil pan was almost empty. He wasn't complaining, though; he got rid of the waste and pleased his Prime thoroughly. And maybe in the future he'd take Optimus into consideration when planning maintenance. He didn't expect such a reaction when

he listened to Optimus stutter as he described his fantasy, but after what he saw today...

Meanwhile Optimus onlined his optics again and smiled weakly upon seeing his lover's face above him. With a grunt he sat up and looked himself over; his smile only broadened, field rippling with fulfillment.

"Primus," Optimus breathed out, leaning against him, "I love you."

"I take it that it was to your liking?" Megatron asked, placing a hand on Optimus's shoulder.

"Yeah," Prime grinned at him – a childlike, gleeful grin that Megatron hadn't seen on his face since... Pits, he had never seen it. Was this a vision of Orion Pax the idealistic policeman? "Thanks. I mean it." He shut his optics blissfully, as if relishing every little sensation of being totally debauched and covered in oil. When he opened his optics again, it was the familiar gaze of Optimus Prime – but Optimus Prime at his finest: strong, confident and sort of insufferable.

"So whom do you love, me or Primus?" Megatron joked, and got poked into the sensitive seam on his side.

"You," Optimus muttered into his shoulder. "I never even thought..." He shook his head. "You're right, nobody has ever rewarded me like that."

"Your Autobots are a bunch of prudes," Megatron sighed dramatically, pulling Optimus closer and reactivating the solvent shower. "I might do that again if you're a good boy."

That earned him another jab and an angry throb of Optimus's field (he didn't like berthplay terminology outside of said play), but Megatron didn't retaliate. Let Optimus have an evening of relaxation.

They will argue in the next work meeting anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Next time it's Megatron's turn to get his wish. :D

Megatron - Pain Play

Chapter Notes

Warning: this chapter contains whipping, electrocution, blood and some derogatory dirty talk.

All happy and consensual tho.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Primus.” Optimus covered his face in shame. “I can’t believe you want a repeat of... that.”

Megatron’s smirk widened. The end of war didn’t mean that he stopped enjoying torturing Optimus.

“Nevertheless, this is exactly what I want. You have to agree that it was a rather... intimately intense moment. And, as I said, I enjoy pain.”

Optimus groaned from under his mask.

“Please tell me you didn’t feel aroused during our battles!”

“No.” Megatron grew serious, and Optimus put his hand away from his face, sensing the change of tone. “I can distinguish sexual situation from a non-sexual one. I did feel a rush during our clashes, but it was just a battle ardor, nothing more. Same goes for the variable voltage harness, but for some reason I found myself returning to this memory often. You gave me a new fetish, I guess.”

“I can’t believe I’m saying it, but I have a bad influence on you.” Optimus gave an incredulous snort.

“Decepticon leader corrupted by holy Optimus Prime. What a scandal.”

Optimus sighed.

“Fine. I understand what you want me to do. Anything you want me to say?”

Megatron shrugged.

“You can use some insults, you know what I like. Other than that, nothing comes to mind.”

“Fine.” Optimus lifted his chin, obviously gathering up courage. “Let’s do this. But I will keep track of your physical condition, and if it becomes too much, we stop. Got it?”

“I’m pretty sturdy, if you haven’t noticed.” Megatron chuckled. “I doubt you’ll do anything worse than what you did to me during the war.”

But Optimus’s optics stayed harsh.

“It doesn’t matter. If it becomes too much, we stop. Otherwise...” He made another deep sigh, and Megatron forced himself to hide his amusement. Fair trade or not, he needed Optimus compliant. “I’ll do what you wish.”

It was a weird déjà-vu, to stand in a cell with Megatron shackled to the variable voltage harness, spread-eagled and immobilized. Not something Optimus thought he'd experience again; only this time it was him who fastened the cuffs, and there were no possible viewers. They were alone in the detention block, ever-loyal Soundwave being under strict orders to keep trespassers away from the building.

Optimus cleared his throat and rummaged through the items he had laid out on the table, trying to win a little time to collect himself and prepare for his task. Despite his combat expertise, he had never felt inclined to bring pain into the berth (although he was prone to some roughness). But he made a promise to Megatron, and if the warlord's silent longing was anywhere near Optimus's own thirst concerning oil play, he was more than willing to help his lover fulfill his fantasy.

"I'm the leader of the Decepticons," Megatron explained to him earlier. "Such a kink isn't something I could confess to any of my subordinates."

Optimus related to that.

His fingers ran over the tools he prepared. Megatron never specified what exact type of pain he wanted. "Beatings, whips, electricity – whatever you can come up with," he said back then. "Well, maybe not knives. They're too much like needles," he added after a short pause. That needles were out of question went without saying.

Optimus ex-vented slowly and spun around, deciding to start with something light. Megatron's optics seemed to glow brighter in the semi-darkness, or maybe they really did.

"So," Optimus grabbed Megatron's chin, voice calm and determined. "You want to be hurt."

The warlord looked at him expectantly. Daring him. Provoking. Just like he did all those years ago; only this time Optimus's brutal retribution won't be something to be ashamed of.

Suddenly everything became simpler. Optimus bared his dental plates in a smirk – and smacked Megatron across the face.

No sound came out of the Decepticon's vocalizer, but his engine revved, and the EM field rippled. Optimus's optic ridges rose, as if only now did he truly begin trusting what Megatron had told him.

"You *do* like it," he murmured, touching the heated metal of Megatron's cheek. "*You really do!*"

Optimus slapped him again. And again, bathing in the passionate pulses of the warlord's field, watching his lips part. Another smack landed right on those lips, breaking them, spilling energon – and then Megatron's cooling fans finally kicked in. Optimus watched him with almost unhealthy fascination, spark pounding in his chest; his palm stung a bit, so the Prime balled it into a fist – and the next blow was to Megatron's abdomen.

"Ah!" Megatron clenched his dental plates, frame shuddering in an instinctive attempt to curl up, but his cooling fans roared. Optimus shook his head, unable to believe his optics. Another punch a little higher, hard enough to dent the plating, and Megatron gasped, charge crackling around him.

The Prime saw what he needed. It was pleasure; he was causing pleasure! Now his own hands appeared insufficient. He required something else, something *real*. Turning to the table, Optimus quickly examined its contents, contemplating his possibilities.

His choice fell on the seven-tailed energon whip. When he approached Megatron with the activated device in hand, the warlord shivered, unable to tear his ravenous gaze from the scourge. Optimus waited for a couple of moments to give Megatron an opportunity to object, but when none came, the

last remnants of the Prime's hesitance vanished. He raised his arm and stroke.

This time Megatron cried out – and then lost any ability to remain silent, every lash bringing down new layers of self-control. The scourge wasn't very efficient against the thick protective armor, only leaving scorched marks of burnt paint, but it did marvels to the vulnerable seams and bared joints. Megatron made no attempts to tighten his plating, giving Optimus full access, offering himself like a tribute – and sparks flew out when the buzzing tails connected with the exposed wiring, tearing small fuel lines. Megatron's fingers dug into his palms, back was arched, tense like a string, and his EM field was a raging storm of charge.

He didn't seem to comprehend at first that the execution ended, so when red optics focused at Optimus at last, the Prime had time to assess the results of his handiwork. Thin rivulets of energon were dribbling between the plates of Megatron's armor, his lips a bloodied mess after too many bites that failed to muffle his screams.

Optimus lifter his hand to wipe the energon off Megatron's lower lip.

"Look at yourself," he breathed out. "You're such a pain slut! Who could've known?"

Instead of an answer Megatron just tilted his head and licked his own energon from Optimus's thumb. Prime chuckled, his laugh ringing with nearly innocent wonder. He moved the whip, and the tails brushed against Megatron's interface array. He didn't notice when the warlord retracted his panel, but now he could *sense* how that grey frame trembled. There was a little puddle of lubricant on the floor between Megatron's legs.

"Do you want this?" Optimus whispered, leaning close.

Energy running down the scourge's tails carried through the lubricant, making Megatron's thighs twitch.

"Yes," he rasped, angling his hips as much as his restrains allowed, begging wordlessly, and Optimus stepped back in triumph.

"Whore," he spat. The scourge cracked, and the tails collided with the exposed valve.

"Aaaaahhhh!" Megatron threw his head back, his EM field exploding with pain – but on the pain's heels came pleasure, a white-hot spike of energy. It was intoxicating, seeing Megatron in such abandon, stripped of every shred of control, and Optimus lashed his whip again and again.

Still, Optimus remembered that *he* wasn't supposed to lose himself, so the second he deemed it enough, he stopped. Energy whip was created as a torture device that brought pain but kept the victim mostly intact, yet it could do a lot of harm, especially when applied to such a sensitive area. The puddle between Megatron's legs grew, but now it glistened with spilled energon, and his poor valve was covered in it. Optimus touched the valve lips gently, checking for damage; fortunately, it appeared external. They discussed it beforehand, and the Decepticon insisted that it would be acceptable, desirable even.

When he raised his head again, he locked optics with Megatron. The warlord managed to pull himself together somewhat, and that spark of impudence returned to his gaze.

"Why did you stop?" he teased, and Optimus took pride in the fact that Megatron's voice sounded hoarser than usual.

"What a dirty, depraved thing you are," Prime laughed, tracing the whip marks on the warlord's chest. "I spent millions of years trying to reason with you, when the only thing I needed in order to

tame you was to keep you chained and beat you nice and hard.”

However, no matter how much Megatron tried to persuade him, Optimus didn’t want to leave lasting damage. Maybe he had to use something a little more subtle. Returning to the table, Optimus put away the whip and picked up a shocking stick. Yes; that’d do.

“Let’s see how well you respond to this,” he said, raising the stick to the level of Megatron’s face and igniting it a couple of times. Blue electric sparks reflected in Megatron’s optics, and Optimus could swear he saw hunger there. Grabbing the warlord’s chin, Optimus forced his head up, forbidding him to see where the stick touched. Every shock came as a surprise, and Optimus watched how Megatron gritted his dental plates, biting down moans, how his neck cables tensed...

And then Optimus slowly brought the stick to his interface array and pushed it between the abused valve lips, hitting the shock button.

Megatron’s optics flared white, and he overloaded.

Optimus stared, enthralled by this sight, caught up in the current of Megatron’s field. But the overload went on and on, charge going haywire, smell of ozone mixing with the smell of heated circuitry – and only then did Optimus guess to switch off the shock stick.

Megatron’s frame sagged, his processor finally going into full reboot, and Optimus was left gaping at his lover with a slack-jawed expression. He overloaded Megatron by pain alone. Not just aroused or kept teetering on the edge; overloaded. Megatron came from being hurt.

That was... quite a lot to fathom.

Then Megatron’s optics lit up again, and Optimus put the shock stick away.

“Are you alright?” He asked, placing both hands on the warlord’s cheeks.

“Yeah...” Megatron smiled at him. “Wow. That was amazing.”

It was the last drop. Tilting Megatron’s head down, Optimus kissed him firmly, tasting energon on his glossa. His own arousal buzzed somewhere at the back of his conscience, but for now Optimus didn’t care; warmth was spreading from his spark chamber all over his frame, making his field sing...

But there was something else Megatron requested.

Breaking the kiss, Optimus peered into his optics, smile giving place to seriousness.

“Do you still want this?” He asked a bit unsurely. Something flashed in Megatron’s optics – a desperation that Optimus got to see only seldom, in the rare moments when the Decepticon’s tough façade slipped. The Prime held on to such moments like a starving mech but was always left helpless against them.

“Yes.” The word fell from the bloodied lips like a heavy stone. A wry smirk curved them next, and the mood changed. “Come on, Prime. I know you can be cruel.”

Fire that faded for a while blazed anew. There was something astonishing in how Megatron could always enrage and tempt him in a matter of seconds, but this was one of the main thrills in their relationship. Optimus stepped back from the harness, smile turning dangerous.

“I almost killed you back then,” he growled, hand caressing the VVH’s switch. He checked the voltage a dozen times before this session, tested and measured it again and again, memories of what

he'd done haunting him.

Maybe today he would finally get rid of that old guilt.

Megatron bared his fangs.

"I know," he said simply, words accompanied by a low, sultry rumble of his engine. Optimus narrowed his optics... and pushed the switch down.

The fizz of the electricity was muffled by Megatron's scream. Blue and orange bolts surrounded his strained body, clashing and crackling; the odor of burnt circuitry and sizzling energon filled the chamber as new and new shocks racked Megatron's frame that convulsed in agony, and Optimus's hand went numb on the switch. Yet he continued to stare, not daring to even blink, waiting and dragging it on. His receptors overwhelmed by the hurricane that was Megatron's field right now, sensations beyond pain or pleasure flooding it. And Megatron screamed until he couldn't scream anymore, until his vocalizer broke into a basic binary tone –

Until Optimus tugged the switch up.

Megatron's frame went limp in the shackles. There were thin trails of smoke rising from the seams of his plating. Optimus hurried to him, disabled the restraints, and the warlord's heavy body fell into his arms; Optimus sank to the floor, carefully pulling him into his lap.

Dim red optics needed almost a klik to focus on Optimus's face; the right optic was flickering. The all-encompassing ache was almost palpable, but what astonished Optimus the most was what he felt in Megatron's field. Normally complex and overlapping emotional palette fell apart into the most basic hues, strong and pure in their brightness. Relief. Liberation.

Happiness.

"Optimus..." Megatron mumbled, wrapping his arms around the Prime's neck, and the queries of worry and doubt got stuck in Optimus's throat. He didn't get it, not really... But if he made Megatron feel this, it was worth everything.

He returned the embrace cautiously, suddenly aware of just how battered his lover was. Wow, he did quite a thorough job... It seemed that his spike had to stay behind his interface panel, no matter how much the presence of warm, sated and interface-smelling warlord affected him.

"Mmmm," Megatron shifted in his lap. "Frag me?"

Optimus spluttered.

"Excuse me, what?! Now? You need a medic, not a 'face!'"

"Nah..." Megatron rested his head on Optimus's shoulder, but rolled his hips, rubbing their arrays together. "Want you..."

"But your valve..."

"Will heal. It's wrecked anyway." It was becoming harder to keep his spike in check with every instance. "Come on... I want you to overload too."

"You're crazy," Optimus groaned, but his panel retracted, freeing his weeping spike. "Primus..."

He considered bringing himself to overload by frottage, but Megatron didn't leave him any chances:

the warlord lifted his hips and impaled himself on Optimus's spike in one swift motion. He stopped participating actively after that, though; he slumped over Optimus, only moaning weakly when the Prime bounced him in his lap, thrusts short and shallow.

It didn't take long for Optimus to overload – not after ignoring his desire for the entire session, and not with his spike buried in that sore, tender, unnaturally hot valve dripping with lubricant and energon. Now transfluid was added to the mix; Optimus even felt a little guilty about that.

"If we do it again," he told Megatron later, after he took out the first aid kit, "I'm not gonna let you talk me into fragging you raw. And no variable voltage harnesses."

"We'll see about it," the warlord replied, his usual cockiness already returning. "But I like that 'again'. It refers to you as well, by the way. If you ever feel thirsty," he wiggled his optic ridges, "I'm here for you."

"I will keep it in mind," Optimus said, trying to sound cool and scolding. But, to be honest, he liked the 'again' word too.

It had a nice ring to it.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, I headcanon Megatron with a major masochistic streak. uwu

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